

# BROUGHTON'S MONTHLY PLANET READER, AND ASTROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Entered according to Act of Congress in 1867, by Dr. L. D. Broughton, in the Clerk's office of the District Court for the S. D. of N. Y.

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No. 2

## UNPARALLELED OUTRAGES!

Religious Meetings Broken Up by Roadies.

## PERSECUTIONS AGAINST ASTROLOGY.

Specimens of New York Justice (?)!!

BY W. H. CHANEY.

"I shall now devote my life to Astrology, and come what may, never shrink from being its defender."

Such was the remark we made to Doctor Broughton last October, after having become thoroughly convinced, not only of the truthfulness of Astrology, but that it was the most precious science ever made known to man.

"You will find that you will have enough to do, then," replied the doctor, quietly.

He had seen service as an apostle in the cause; had been driven out of Pennsylvania by the passage of a law punishing with imprisonment any one who should presume to practice the celestial science, and he knew that the life of an Astrologer was anything but pleasant. Well, we have had six months experience, and though not very brilliant, we propose giving it to the public.

After forming the resolution aforesaid, we made arrangements with the Doctor to live in his family, lecture for, and study with him. We gave the first course of lectures upon Astrology ever delivered in this country, and on each occasion Dr. B. examined one or more Nativities before the audience, giving most wonderful tests of the accuracy with which the events of life can be calculated by a knowledge of the influence and movements of the heavenly bodies. For a time the undertaking went on swimmingly, and we began to boast of victory.

"Don't be too sanguine," quoth the Doctor, "for you and I have some evil aspects approaching which will be likely to tell against us."

The beginning of the year proved that he was right. All hands ill and hard times generally. Then the *Herald*, the "satanic press,"

commenced its villainous abuse of "814 Broadway." The place was styled the "Ghoul's Garret" and all who came here denominated as infidels and blasphemers. As for ourself, we were described as "the chief ghoul of the den," "a played-out bruiser," and a "used up prize fighter," together with other expressions equally flattering, and characteristic of a journal whose proprietor has been cowhided through the streets, on sundry occasions, on account of the elegance of his language applied to gentlemen who never injured him.

As might be expected, these puffs of the "satanic" brought a class of rowdies to disturb our lectures, and for some weeks our prospects looked gloomy enough. This was the beginning of troubles.

On the 11th of February, the owner of the premises, evidently anxious to drive the Doctor away, commenced stealing his signs, placards, bulletins, door plates, etc., which were placed at the door. In vain the Doctor remonstrated. The landlord seemed possessed of a mania for sign stealing. He is a queer genius, and as the public may be interested, as well as posterity, in knowing who he is, we will say that the two first letters of his name is—Alexander Eagleson, and that his place of business is No. 48 Fourth Avenue.

When Eagleson had stolen "in the neighborhood of twenty signs," as he admitted to police officer Waldron, of the Broadway squad, Dr. B. procured a warrant and had him arrested. He was taken before Justice Dodge, of the Jefferson Market Police Court, and—promptly discharged! Three hours later, Eagleson stole three more signs. The doctor persisted in putting down others, as fast as they were stolen, and Eagleson persisted in stealing them as fast as put down. This made lively times in the sign business.

On the evening of the day when he was so honorably acquitted by Justice Dodge, Eagleson stole another sign, making the fourth for that day. This time the doctor concluded to try and recapture the stolen property. But Eagleson is a very enterprising man, and a firm believer in the maxim—"hold fast all you get." So, doubling his fist, when the doctor approached, he let fly, and the next moment there was an Astrologer rolling on the sidewalk. Nothing daunted the doctor came to time, slightly under the influence of Mars, yet

restrained from committing murder through the benevolent Jupiter..

"Why don't you sue me again before Judge Dodge?" sneered Eagleson.

To make a long story short, the Astrologer persevered, called in the aid of a policeman, and finally the sign stealer and sign were captured, taken to the station house and locked up for the night. Next morning charges of theft, and assault and battery, were preferred, and upon hearing the evidence, Justice Dodge bound him over to the Court of Sessions. This was on the 12th of March, but from that day to this, (April 29th,) not a word more has been heard about it.

Before Sol had culminated in the midheaven, on the day when Eagleson was bound over, his son-in-law, a simple-minded youth, with more brass than brains, allowed himself to be persuaded into trying his hand at sign stealing. The alarm was sounded by the boy on watch, and then the excitement commenced. The doctor started at a 2.40 gait, without waiting for his hat, while we followed at a more dignified pace.

"Stop thief! Stop thief! Stop thief!"

Men ran; boys yelled; women screamed; dogs barked. Down Broadway ran the thief to Tenth street, then across to Fourth avenue, then down to the Bible House, when he dodged into the place of Eagleson and locked the door.

The crowd gathered, blocking up the side walk, every one asking—

"What is it? What is it?"

We happen to be blessed with a pretty good pair of lungs, and having learned to speak in the open air by "stumping in the west," very obligingly informed the crowd it was nothing only that Eagleson and his thievish hirelings had been stealing Dr. Broughton's signs. Each new arrival repeated the inquiry, and being a very good natured man, we answered the question over and over again.

Several policemen collected, and demanded admission. But the thief refused to unlock the door. He then went into a back room, out of sight, and the next moment such a chopping, hewing and slashing, we never heard. Of course he was not chopping up the sign—"no I guess not"—he was only getting some wood ready for building a fire next morning. He's a very innocent youth—the landlord's son-in-law—he is.

About this time two smart looking citizens forced their way through the crowd and asked the officers if they wanted any help. The officers began to explain how matters stood, when Eagleson himself came up and ordered everybody away from his premises, cursing, swearing and blaspheming in a style that would have put to blush even a "plug ugly."

\* That's the man who stole Dr. Broughton's

signs yesterday, and slept in the station house for it last night!" we exclaimed, pointing to the sign-stealer.

This enraged him beyond description, and had we been within his reach, it is not likely that we should have lived to write this article. As it was, he gave vent to his insane wrath by pushing the two gentlemen before alluded to, notwithstanding they had exhibited their badges as detectives.

"I don't care a G——D——n who you are!" shouted the infuriated sign stealer, giving them a violent push backwards.

Half a minute later the sign-stealer might have been seen walking in the direction of the Station House, politely attended by two detectives. He was taken before a magistrate, "and on account of his well known respectability, instantly discharged!!!" But the crowning act of his effrontery is yet to be told. He preferred a complaint against the detectives for arresting him, and on the examination boasted that he was worth \$135,000. He also availed himself of the opportunity to state under oath that "Dr. Broughton's principle business was to blaspheme against God!"

But we must return to the crowd in front of the Bible House. When Eagleson was arrested, his hopeful son-in-law, having got his wood chopped for morning, unlocked the door, and in a voice tremulous with emotion on account of his wife's father being again brought to grief, so soon after having passed a restless night in a thief's cell, bitterly exclaimed:

"Now let him go," pointing to the retreating figure of his unhappy father-in-law; "you got the wrong man—I'm the man, gentlemen."

"He's arrested for assaulting an officer," replied one of the policemen, "and now we want the man who stole the sign."

"There's no sign here," added young hopeful, "and I forbid you searching for it unless you have a warrant."

But we felt sure that we could identify the relics of the sign if allowed a glance at the young man's pile of kindling wood, and by request of the officers we went in.

"Who are you? Go out o' here!" cried the industrious wood chopper.

The officers concluded that we had better go out, and not feeling inclined to contest the point, we amiably assented. We had not taken two steps towards the door before the wood-chopper seized us by the collar. It must have been a comical sight, he a "feather weight," pulling away at our 180 lbs. *avoidsupois*. We thanked him for his polite attentions, assuring him that we could go very well without his assistance. But he was too much of a gentleman not to lead us to the door, and by a gentle push, hinted

that our company was not agreeable to one of his caliber of brain.

The next act in the drama, which is still in danger of becoming a tragedy, was for the doctor to sue Eagleson in the Supreme Court, for five hundred dollars damage on account of stealing his signs, service of which was made March 22d.

Then came a change of programme. Evidently disgusted with the slow progress he was making to put down Astrology by stealing signs, he abandoned that mode of attack. Under pretence of leasing to the Fenians, as a drill room, the floor over the one occupied by the doctor, on the night of the day that Eagleson was sued for five hundred dollars, there came such a motly crowd, Rag, Tag and Bobtail, as has not been seen since the days of Falstaff; and tumbling, swearing, thundering up the stairs, under the leadership of the eminent wood chopper, they piled into the rooms overhead.

Fenians? It is a base slander against men who have devoted their lives for redressing the wrongs of the oppressed, to charge upon them such outrageous acts of cruelty and barbarism as have been perpetrated here for the past three weeks. No, they were not Fenians, but loafers, vagrants, thieves and pickpockets, gathered up from the slums of the city, and ripe for any outrage, provided they were well filled with bad whiskey. Fenians, indeed! We venture there is not a Fenian in the United States who would not scorn to associate with such rowdies, much less be a party to their acts of infamy.

It was evident that the woodchopper had found his level at last, and he was in his glory. Not satisfied with the infernal din made by himself and motly crew, simply because Mrs. Broughton pushed the door to a little, so that she could see down the stairs, he broke out—

"The fust one that shets that door agin, I'll cut their G—d—d head off!"

He might have spoken more grammatically and less profanely—but what can be expected from a wood chopper?

Shortly after, Mrs. B. went again to look down the stairs for the doctor, when the wood chopper hurled a piece of board at her head, which would no doubt have caused her death had it hit her.

But we need not dwell upon the details of this series of outrages which have been continued to the present writing. In vain we have appealed to the officers of the law for protections. We were all under evil aspects, and no one would do anything.

One evening they came as usual, but remained until nearly two o'clock in the morning. Several times during the night they tried the doctor's door, making threats like this:

"Let's break down the bloody door and bring out the d—d sons of b—s!"

Of course there was no sleep for the doctor nor his family, for we were all in momentary expectation of being obliged to defend ourselves with our lives against a horde of drunken rowdies. Mrs. B. had been suffering with poor health all winter, and now, so great was the shock to her nervous system that her senses wandered and her life was in peril.

One day, after the persecutions had been continued for about a week, the wood-chopping son-in-law had the impudence to speak to Mrs. Broughton upon the subject. He evidently came as a spy, to find out what he could, yet was weak enough to let out what Eagleson and the "Satanic" will not thank him for.

"O, 'twont cost my father-in-law anything," exclaimed the simpleton, "for he's done jest as Bennett's lawyers told him to, and they'll pay all damages."

We will not pretend to say whether the fellow lied or not; but if he did lie, it is a remarkable coincidence that *Galbraith*, who has office in the *Herald* building, answered to the case in behalf of Eagleson. If the wood chopper told the truth, then it looks very much like a conspiracy on the part of the "Satanic" and the sign stealer to either break the doctor down, or "black mail" him into buying peace of them. They may succeed in accomplishing the former, and if there should be no change in the administration of justice in the city, they probably will, but the doctor will never pay one penny of black mail, not even to save his life.

During this "reign of terror," Mrs. Broughton has been the greatest sufferer. Being obliged to keep her bed a great portion of the time; no rest at night; and the demoniacal noises and threats so preying upon her that her reason failed at times, when she would utter cries and shrieks enough to drive mad those who heard them. We remember her words on one occasion:

"O, God! the blood is running all down my neck! help! help! help!"

One night the doctor was obliged to get her out of bed and take her to a friend's house, fearing the most serious consequences unless he did so.

On the 4th of April Dr. B. sent the following notice to the landlord, which explains itself.

614 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY,  
April 1st, 1867.

ALEXANDER EAGLESON—

Sir:—On the 23d ultimo two of your workmen were seen to enter the water closet on the second floor of these premises, where they remained for a short time, apparently having no particular errand there. But soon after, on trying my pump, no water could be obtained, nor have we been able to obtain any since.

When this visit of your plumbers to the water-closet on

the second floor, and the discovery soon after that my supply of water had been cut off, are taken in connection with your stealing my signs; your assaulting me upon the street; your arrests and confinement in the station house; your son-in-law threatening to cut my wife's head off, and his hurling a piece of board violently at her head; one of your plumbers striking her with a stick; the violence and outrages of the drunken rowdies who nightly assemble in your rooms over my head; their stealing my lamp and letter-box; their breaking down my gas bracket; their stealing my bell-cord and tassel; their breaking up my Sunday night meeting—when all these things are considered in connection with your savage persecutions, such as would disgrace any outcast from society unless he could boast, as you do, of being worth \$135,000, every unprejudiced mind must conclude that you sent your plumbers upon an errand of mischief, duly instructed to cut off my supply of water.

But whether it is true or not that you sent them being deprived of water is a serious damage to me, for which I shall be obliged to look to you for satisfaction, unless you remedy the mischief so that I can obtain water through my pump without delay.

The reply to this notice was an impudent letter, received April 6th, enclosing a trumped-up account of \$53.10, not one penny of which is due from the doctor to him, either in law or equity.

April 9th the doctor sued him for damages done to his business, by the drunken rowdies aforesaid, their breaking up his lectures, etc., laying his claim at five thousand dollars, which will not make Dr. B. whole, even if he recovers the full amount.

On Sunday evening, April 14th, we were advertised to lecture on "Creation." As usual, the wood chopping son-in-law came with his hiring horde, and after continuing their noisy demonstrations for half an hour, headed by the wood chopper, they came down stairs and into the hall where we were lecturing. This was a part of their system of annoyances, running out and in, and disturbing us by groans, interruptions, and so forth. We had hitherto borne it with christian fortitude, but on this occasion our patience gave way.

Quietly asking the audience to excuse us for a moment, we walked to the other end of the hall and ordered the wood chopper out. He refused to go. We said he should. He swore he wouldn't. We could not afford to waste time in argument with the fellow, and so we took him by the collar. He doubled his fist. We smiled derisively and said "go." He commenced going. He was terribly disgusted, but kept going. Our argument was irresistible, and he continued to go. When half way through the ante-room he proposed to go himself if we would let him alone. We remembered his courtesy the day he escorted us to the door, and not liking to be outdone in politeness, even by a wood chopper, we merely replied by tightening our grasp. He continued going, and his legs had to hurry to keep up with his body. When he was fairly beyond the outer door, we released our hold, but instead of returning thanks for our civility, the unmannerly fellow actually struck and kicked at us in a most furious manner. He had probably eaten something for dinner that laid hard on his stomach.

We returned to the hall and resumed our lecture, as though nothing had happened. For

a brief space of time all was quiet overhead, and then the noise began again. People passing through Broadway would stop and listen, wondering if a pandemonium had been opened upon that fashionable thoroughfare, for this was the third Sunday evening the outrages had been kept up.

When a crowd of some hundred and fifty had gathered, two policemen went up to the pandemonium and arrested the wood chopper and three of his rag-tags, the others having made their escape by being down in our meeting, where they remained very quietly. The rag-tags gave the names of John Boyce, John Bowie and James Loomis, at the Station House, and together with the wood chopper, were locked up for the night.

Next morning the case came before Justice Dodge. His Honor listened to the complaint of the officers who made the arrests, and to the doctor's account of the long continued outrages, and after rebuking the wood chopper and his rag-tags rather sharply, he threatened to send them to the Island if they repeated the offence. They were then *honorably discharged!!!*

The reader may imagine that we have been amusing him by giving a sensational romance; and we admit that it seems impossible for our account to be true. But if it is false then we are liable to heavy damage, and to imprisonment, for uttering a malicious libel. We have given real names, and some of the parties are well known in the city. Will they prosecute us? We dare and defy them to do so. Our own name heads this article and we take all the responsibility of the publication. We have had ten years experience as a practicing lawyer, and more than ten years experience as editor and author. Therefore we pretend to know the law, and we not only know the facts, but can prove a majority of them by more than a hundred witnesses.

The doctor has expended fully two thousand dollars in the purchase of improvements on his premises, making other improvements and advertising his business as a Physician and Astrologer. The lease has two years more to run, and now, when he is just ready to realize some return for his outlay of money, he is compelled to encounter these fiendish persecutions, not for any wrong committed, for he would never harm any one, but simply because he is an Astrologer, and Astrology is not popular.

Are we going back into the dark ages again? It really seems so, when there is no redress by law for such outrages, committed upon the most public street of the metropolis of a continent. The doctor and his family may be murdered here—we may share the same fate, for we are determined to defend Astrology to the last—but this record shall live after us, a monument of lasting disgrace to the Empire City.

#### SUPPLEMENT.

THURSDAY, APRIL 18th.—The "reign of terror" still continues. Last night we attempted

to lecture, and as usual, James McDermott, the wood chopper, commenced his outrageous noises above us. Sometimes we were obliged to pause for a minute, on account of the thumping, pounding and bolsterous noises overhead. The wood chopper brought a speaking trumpet with him, and while others were stamping and running about, he continued to sing, evidently holding the trumpet near his mouth, so that the harsh, metallic detonations sounded more like shrieks from the damned than a human voice.

The police were sent for and once more the wood chopper came to grief, being obliged to pass the night in the Station House. This morning he was taken before Justice Dodge, and once more, *honorably discharged!!!*

Mrs. Broughton is lying very low, with symptoms of brain fever. The noises last night nearly drove her distracted. I hear her groans of anguish while I write, and at the same moment I hear the voice of James McDermott overhead, and hear him stamping and pounding on the floor.

When will this "reign of terror" cease? Verily, the doctor was a true prophet when he said we should find plenty to do in defending Astrology. But we shall not give up yet awhile. Astrology is undergoing its fiery baptism, and this is no time for turning recreant to the cause.

## MORE PESECUTIONS!

### Our Private Letters Broken Open!

Evil aspects never bring trouble single handed. They come in swarms, like the devouring locasts. True, the "reign of terror" has been our great and crushing affliction, yet there have been other annoyances and vexations which have not been without their influence. The stealing of our letter box by the drunken rowdies under the leadership of Eagleson's son-in-law, was a great inconvenience. How many letters were in it at the time, and how much money they contained, we have not as yet been able to determine. But that is not all.

On the last of March we were anxiously expecting fifty dollars from an old patron, in whose integrity we have the fullest confidence. It was not a large sum, yet in consequence of illness in the family all winter, sometimes two or three down at a time, our finances was running low and we depended upon this money for meeting the monthly demand of our persecuting landlord. But rent-day came without bringing

the expected letter and money. We knew we had no mercy to expect at the hands of one who had unlawfully seized and carried away about a hundred dollar's worth of our property, and therefore was obliged to apply to a friend who freely loaned us all we required, thus enabling us to save our sick wife and little ones from being turned into the street.

On the 6th of April the anxiously expected letter arrived, bringing the fifty dollars. There was also enclosed in it a letter, written in a strange hand, of which the following is a copy:

New York, March 31, 1894.

Sir:—

There is an old saying that "a fool and his money are soon parted."

Fortunately the \$50 sent by you to Dr. Broughton fell into the hands of "an honest man," who now returns it to you with the advice that you will keep your money and not send it to any Quack of an Astrologist, who can no more (nor as well) tell you what will happen to you, as you can guess at it yourself. If you don't need the money, give it to some one who does—and not to any "Star Gazer," or "Planet Reader," who makes his money by gulding ignorant people out of their hard earnings. No humbug of a fortune-teller can do you five cents worth of good, nor tell you anything except what he may guess at or invent. Your letter was sent to me by mistake or your \$50 would have been thrown to the dogs. See if you can't put the money to a better use. A FRIKED.

Of course this explained the cause of the delay, but we naturally felt curious to ascertain who the villain was that had taken such liberties in the premises, and then boasted of being "an honest man," while it was evident that nothing but cowardice deterred him from being a thief. He knew that the letter was intended for us, for he refers to us by name, and there is no other Dr. Broughton in New York. Had he been honest, provided he opened the letter by mistake, which he does not even pretend that he did, he would have at once sent it and the money to us instead of returning it to the writer.

But no; the scoundrel wilfully broke the seal of a private letter, the direction of which was too plain to be mistaken, and having read it, discovered that we were depending upon the money to preserve the roof over the heads of our sick family. He knew, too, that we had worked hard for the money; knew that our patron had been urging us to complete the work for the last three years, and now that it was done and in his hand, not only felt grateful for our services, but anxious to fulfill that injunction, "the laborer is worthy of his hire."



Yet this hypocritical knave puts on the garb of *honesty* and advises our patron to defraud us out of our hard earnings.

This scamp has not even the excuse of *ignorance* for any part of his infamous conduct. He knew that he had been guilty of both meanness and crime, else he would not have scrupled to sign his name and address. If we are a humbug and swindler, he has nothing to fear from publishing us as such. Indeed it is the duty of honest men to expose fraud under all circumstances. But he knew himself to be a liar and slanderer, and therefore *dare* not sign his name to his base libels.

If Astrology is a humbug, will not he, or some one else come forward and prove it to be so? We have *free, public meetings* every Wednesday evening, and not only invite sceptics to question and oppose us to the utmost of their ability, but challenge them—*dare them*—to institute the most searching investigations. Several have undertaken it, fully assured that they had an *easy task*, but after one or two trials they have invariably either become converts, or abandoned the undertaking in despair.

We tell them if Astrology is a humbug, the easiest way for them to prove it, is by delineating the Nativity of a stranger, as we have done hundreds of times before an audience, and then let the audience decide between us. As yet, no person has dared to accept this test. Several have thought that they would, but after hearing us give one delineation, they would begin to cast uneasy glances towards the door, and at the first favorable moment take their departure. That would be the last of them.

This thief at heart, and thief of character, who tried so hard to induce a *genuine* "honest man" to defraud us out of fifty dollars, is particularly invited to come forward himself, or, if he chooses to still work in the dark, to induce some one else to take up our challenge and try to *prove* what is so easily asserted, namely, that Astrology is a humbug. This would certainly be a more honorable course to pursue than to stab at us in the dark, which is always characteristic of a coward. If we are an impostor, and Astrology a humbug, he would really be doing a favor to "ignorant people" by either coming forward, or sending some one to expose us. Unless he does this, let

him never again presume to call himself "an honest man," for he lies every time he says so.

Another letter, addressed to Dr. B., has been stolen, with money in it.

### AGITATION ON ASTROLOGY.

About three years since, Messrs Fowler and Wells thought proper, in their *Phrenological Journal* to throw out some slurs against Astrology. We never deemed it worth our while to notice their attacks, but recently Mr. Chaney wrote to them, calling attention to their article, and challenging them to meet him in a public discussion of the question thus raised. He also proposed testing Astrology against Phrenology, giving them the advantage of seeing and examining the head of the person whose character they were to delineate, while on the part of the Astrologer he was to know nothing of the person chosen for him to delineate save the sex, race, and time and place of birth.

Mr. C. proposed to have the test take place before a public audience in a hall on Broadway, with the admission free, and that Messrs. F. & W. should not be at one penny of expense. Yet they politely declined meeting him, under a pretence of pressing business engagements. We had intended publishing the correspondence in this number, but the history of the "reign of terror" has crowded it out. The challenge still remains open to all comers. Astrology dares and defies investigation.

### WHY THE PLANET READER IS BEHIND TIME.

We were extremely anxious to publish the present number of our quarterly on the first of April. But after the "reign of terror" commenced, we found it impossible to do ordinary business. Independent of the nervous excitement natural to *seville* when a man is in momentary expectation of having his door burst in and his wife and children murdered, unless he could defend them against a crowd of drunken rowdies, we suffered so much from loss of sleep during the night, that when morning came, instead of being able to resume our daily labors, we have been obliged to spend most of the day in seeking repose, in order to be prepared for whatever emergency might arise during the coming night.

We offer the same excuse for neglecting to write several *Nativities*, which would have been completed, according to promise, long before this time but for the "reign of terror." Even if we had possessed the physical strength, our nervous system has been so shattered that we fear our calculations would have been erroneous. But our health has failed several times during the winter, and being naturally of a feeble constitution, we were wholly unprepared to stand up against the cruel persecutions to which we have been subjected.

In view of the facts, as we have explained them in the present number, under the head of "Unparalleled Outrages," we trust our friends and patrons will excuse what may have heretofore appeared as neglect, and they may rest assured that we shall devote all the time in our power, if life is spared, to filling up the orders with which they have favored us.

We have no fears as to the final result of this barbarous

crusade against us and Astrology, for we feel confident that in the end it will redound in our favor. But for the present, like the influence of all evil aspects, we are suffering deeply from the affliction. True, we have been fearful of suffering violence at the hands of the hiring outlaws, for it has so happened that in our own horoscope, as well as that of Mrs. Broughton and Mr. Chaney, there has been an evil aspect of Mars, indicating danger of wounds and injuries from fire-arms or some sharp instrument. We have therefore all been very forbearing, and careful to avoid giving the slightest provocation. In the case of Mr. Chaney, although naturally quick to return violence for violence, by our advice he managed to restrain himself until Mars had passed an opposition of its own and the Sun's places, and having some good aspects coming on. We are in hopes that this "reign of terror" will yet terminate without bloodshed.

## THE OUTRAGES HAVE CULMINATED!

### AN ASTROLOGER IN PRISON!

### VIOLENCE TRIUMPHANT!!!

BY W. H. CHANEY.

Here we are, incarcerated in Ludlow Street Jail, charged by James McDermott, the wood-chopping son-in-law of Alexander Eagleson, with false imprisonment, because we preferred a charge against said wood chopper, last Wednesday night, after he was arrested by the police, and because we appeared against him before Justice Dodge on Thursday morning.

We are writing this in our cell, seated upon an iron bedstead, with a piece of board across our knees, on which we hold the paper. Not the most comfortable position, it is true, but when we recall the sufferings of Galileo, his long imprisonment, languishing in a dungeon under the charge of blasphemy for daring to assert that the Sun was the center of the Solar System, we feel encouraged to suffer all that can be inflicted upon us on account of our defence of the celestial science of Astrology.

The circumstances connected with our arrest may be briefly stated. Although the pretense for our arrest dates on Wednesday night, still service was not made until six o'clock P. M. on Saturday, when the Sheriff's office was closed and it would be too late to procure bail. This rendered our imprisonment a moral certainty until Monday, and betrayed the spirit of malice which actuated the poor, mis-guided young man, who has taken upon himself to act the part of avenger. So we are here, awaiting the action of law.

No doubt the reader feels curious to know what our aspects were at the time we were immured in a cell, and what is to be the final result. Well, in our radical horoscope we have Venus, our significator, just transiting over Jupiter's place, the benevolent Jove being posited in his own house, in the Sign Pisces. Saturn is retrograding in Scorpio, in a close sextile to the Sun and Mars' places, in the Sign Capricorn, in the Inner Cell. Saturn is also in close trine to Jupiter's place, and applying to a trine of Venus. In our Revolutionary Horoscope for 1867, it is

true that Saturn is afflicting the 13th house, the house of enemies and imprisonment. But Jupiter, lord of the Ascendant, is in the second house, and very strong; and our Revolutionary Horoscope is very fortunate. Thus it will be seen that we must triumph in the end, although in danger of suffering greatly from enemies, just as Dr. Broughton assured us would be the case before these persecutions commenced, and as we had written to several friends. So confidently do we feel of ultimate triumph, that we are willing to risk the whole truth of Astrology upon this single prediction.

We are writing this on Easter Sunday, April 21st. This morning we listened to a discourse from a clergyman, which was attended by nine prisoners. This afternoon, at the request of several, we gave a private lecture, which was attended by at least twice as many as honored the parson with their presence. We spoke for an hour and a half, and can truly say that we never had a more attentive or interested audience. Of course we touched upon Astronomy and Astrology as connected with the Bible, so we still have the satisfaction of preaching the truth, in spite of all opposition.

FRIDAY NIGHT, APRIL 26.—We are still in duress vile, and for our part expect to remain so for some time to come, notwithstanding several of our friends outside are doing all in their power to procure our escape. They are sanguine of success, but we shall sooner expect to see Dr. and Mrs. Broughton here with us, than to be set at liberty ourselves.

As an illustration of the feelings which actuate McDermott, we may mention that on the evening of our arrest, as we descended the stairs in custody of two Sheriff's officers, he rushed out of the door on the floor below, crying out triumphantly:

"Have you got him?"

He followed us down stairs, and in the most tantalizing manner continued to walk along the streets, keeping with us until we reached the prison, and even came into the prison. On the route here, he frequently interrupted us while we were conversing with the officer who had us in custody, and on one occasion when the officer remarked that our audience would be disappointed of their usual lecture on Sunday night, we replied:

"No, fortunately Mr. Stewart, of Newark, has an arrangement for delivering a course of lectures there every Sunday evening, and he will commence to-morrow night."

"Yes, that is very lucky!" sneered McDermott, who appeared greatly chagrined at the information that the Sunday night lectures, as well as those during the week, would not be broken up in consequence of our imprisonment.

After seeing us safely lodged in jail, McDermott returned to "814," went up stairs, and seeing Mrs. Broughton, commenced using profane language, daring the doctor to come out and fight him, and threatening to have them both in jail within forty-eight hours. This was no mere idle threat for if he could cause our imprisonment, as he has, there is no person in the city whom he cannot cause to be arrested, and unless they can give bail right on the spot, they must go to prison.

Some of our friends tell us that they never heard of such outrages as have been perpetrated by Eagleson and McDermott against the parties at "814," which have finally culminated in our being thrown into a dungeon. True, when we consider the age in which we live; the supposed free-

dom of our Government; the supposed toleration of all sects and denominations, it does seem a little wonderful.

But that is the dark side of the picture, and for the sake of our country and its prosperity we try not to dwell upon it, but rather contrast the "reign of terror" at 814 Broadway with the bloody scenes which characterized the times of Danton and Robespierre. Before the latter, the former sinks into insignificance. Even if McDermott and his ruffian crew had broken in and murdered us all, still it would have been but a drop in the bucket compared with the slaughtered thousands during the French Revolution.

Again, when we compare our persecutions, even though we should be imprisoned for life, with the persecutions of the past, we have abundant reason to be thankful that we live in a day and age of the world when men cannot be sent to the rack, the inquisition, or the burning stake. Nay, we are still allowed the freedom of speech and pen, and even while languishing in a dungeon, can send our thoughts to the outer world, assured that at least one person in a hundred will feel a sympathy for us, although the ninety-nine may cry out:

"Good enough for him—he's nobody but an Astrologer!"

But we must conclude, or we shall leave no space for the Doctor to write the "Fate of the Nation."



## THE FATE OF THE NATION, For the Spring Quarter of 1867.

The Sun enters the Sign Aries on the 20th of March, at 8h. 54m. P. M., when the 4th degree of Scorpio was rising, and the 10th degree of Leo was culminating in the mid-heaven. Mars is lord of the scheme, posited in the 9th House. The Moon is in the 11th, applying to an opposition of Mercury in the 6th, and to a square of Mars. Saturn is retrograde on the Ascendant, in square to Jupiter in the 4th. These are evil configurations, and are fore-runners of many changes that will transpire in the eventful year of 1867.

I look for business being dull, and the American people will evince a general want of confidence in one another, and also in the General Government; yet the fortunate planets, Jupiter and Venus, applying to a conjunction in the 4th House, foreshows a favorable harvest, and that fruits and cereals will be more abundant in this year than usual; although Saturn in a watery Sign rising, and in evil aspect to the above named planets, will cause great floods and heavy rains, which will destroy much property and many lives. The public health will be generally good this quarter, although slightly subject to a complaint afflicting the chest and bowels, and being of a feverish nature. Mars and Herschel being in the 9th House, in evil aspects to the Moon and Mercury is the forerunner of strange and exciting news from the continent of Europe. Great changes are impending. The face of Europe will ere long present various conditions, and more than one Monarchy shall tremble, and ere long become but a record of the past. The great ones of the Continent shall conspire and disagree. Quarrels will ensue, bringing war, shedding of blood, with destruction of property.

The Emperor Napoleon has the malignant planet, Saturn, hovering near to its radical place in the mid heaven of his horoscope. Napoleon the 1st had a similar position of this malignant orb near the time of the battle of Waterloo.

The Emperor of Austria and the Roman Pontiff's activities are now afflicted, and danger of the latter official departing this life during the year.

The Queen of England has a very evil revolutionary figure this year, her health will not be good, she will be surrounded with difficulties and troubles. Much excitement will prevail in the British dominions, and large meetings take place, and the cry of reform spread through the land. I look for England's being involved in the general commotions taking place on the continent of Europe, and near the end of June or in July a rising up of the

Fenians in Ireland, when that down-trodden country will be all excitement again.

The President of the United States has fortunate aspects in his Nativity. His health is generally good, and he appears to gain the confidence of the people. The radicals are losing all hopes of the impeachment question.

General Grant has evil aspects in his Nativity this summer. There will be much danger of the army being called into active operations, either from the affairs in Europe or the uprising of the Fenians in Canada.

Mars leaves Cancer near the end of April, which will cause Mexico to enjoy more peace and prosperity, and Maximilian will depart from that troubled country.

### Fate of the Nation for April.

The full moon for the month of April occurs on the 20th of March, at 4 o'clock, A. M. Jupiter and Venus both rising will make the people more settled and take things calmly. Yet Mercury afflicted by an evil aspect of Mars in the second house causes money affairs to be very tight, and business appears to lag. Mars and Herschel afflicting Cancer, ruling sign of New York, will cause many murders, robberies and fraudulent operations to be brought to light. Exciting news arriving from abroad will give an upward tendency to the money market.

### Fate of the Nation for May.

At the full Moon on the 18th of April, Mars is on the mid-heaven, afflicted by a square of the Moon in the Ascendant, and the Sun in the 7th. Saturn is afflicting the 2d House, and Venus lady of the scheme is in the 5th, the house of speculation. These will be exciting times, danger of some riot or disturbance in New York; fires and accidents will be more than commonly plentiful in New York. Speculators appear to run mad. Gold and stocks will fluctuate very much. News from abroad, increase in excitement, and it will be almost impossible to avoid a war on the continent of Europe; Regular business generally keeps dull in this country, and money matters very tight.

### Fate of the Nation for June.

The full Moon, from which we make our predictions for June, occurs on the 18th of May, 8h. 56m. A. M. At the time of the opposition the Moon is leaving a conjunction of Saturn in the 5th House, and a square of Mars in the 2d. These positions cause the speculating tendency to still continue, although a slight improvement in trade and business appear to spring up. I look for heavy falls of rain, producing floods and much damage to the crops. The President has fortunate aspects in his Nativity, which will cause him to become popular, and turn the current of public opinion in his favor. General Grant's Nativity is particularly afflicted; probably his health suffers, or he is surrounded with difficulties and commotions. In this month the Emperor Napoleon has very favorable aspects influencing his destiny, and he becomes the hero of the day, and spoken of as the greatest man in all Europe, but let him be guarded against some injury to his person. The Prince Imperial's health suffers again.

APRIL 29TH.—At the time we are going to press, it is with unfeigned sorrow that we impart to the reader the unpleasant news that Mr. Chaney is likely to remain in jail for some time to come. Messrs. Eagleson's and McDermott's lawyer has got the hearing adjourned from to-day until next Thursday; whether we can have a trial then, or not, is a matter of doubt. I have done all that lay in my power, both by kindness and conciliation, to avoid this unpleasantness from taking place between myself and the landlord, but to no purpose.

I have also exerted myself to get Mr. Chaney liberated, but as yet it has produced no good results. For either on account of Mr. McDermott's going along with Mr. Chaney and tantalizing him on his way to prison, and even going into the prison and seeing the warden, or from some other unknown cause, Mr. Chaney (who has committed no crime, but simply done his duty) is denied many privileges, and while common criminals and forgers are never locked up in their cells. Mr. C. is incarcerated in a close cell fourteen hours out of the twenty-four. Mr. Chaney's health is already seriously affected. One thing appears evident, when we take an impartial view of the whole affair, and as a Captain of Police told me, "That it is a put up job."

The subject has attracted the attention of philanthropists and the lovers of liberty, free speech and a free press; and a committee of five has been appointed to negotiate for a hall, to call a public meeting, to talk over and investigate the matter, and to see whether liberty or the worst form of slavery is to be the portion of the American People. Due notice of the said meeting will be given in the various News Papers of when and where it will take place. All who love liberty, and hate slavery, all who love law and order, and are opposed to rowdism and corruption, are cordially invited.